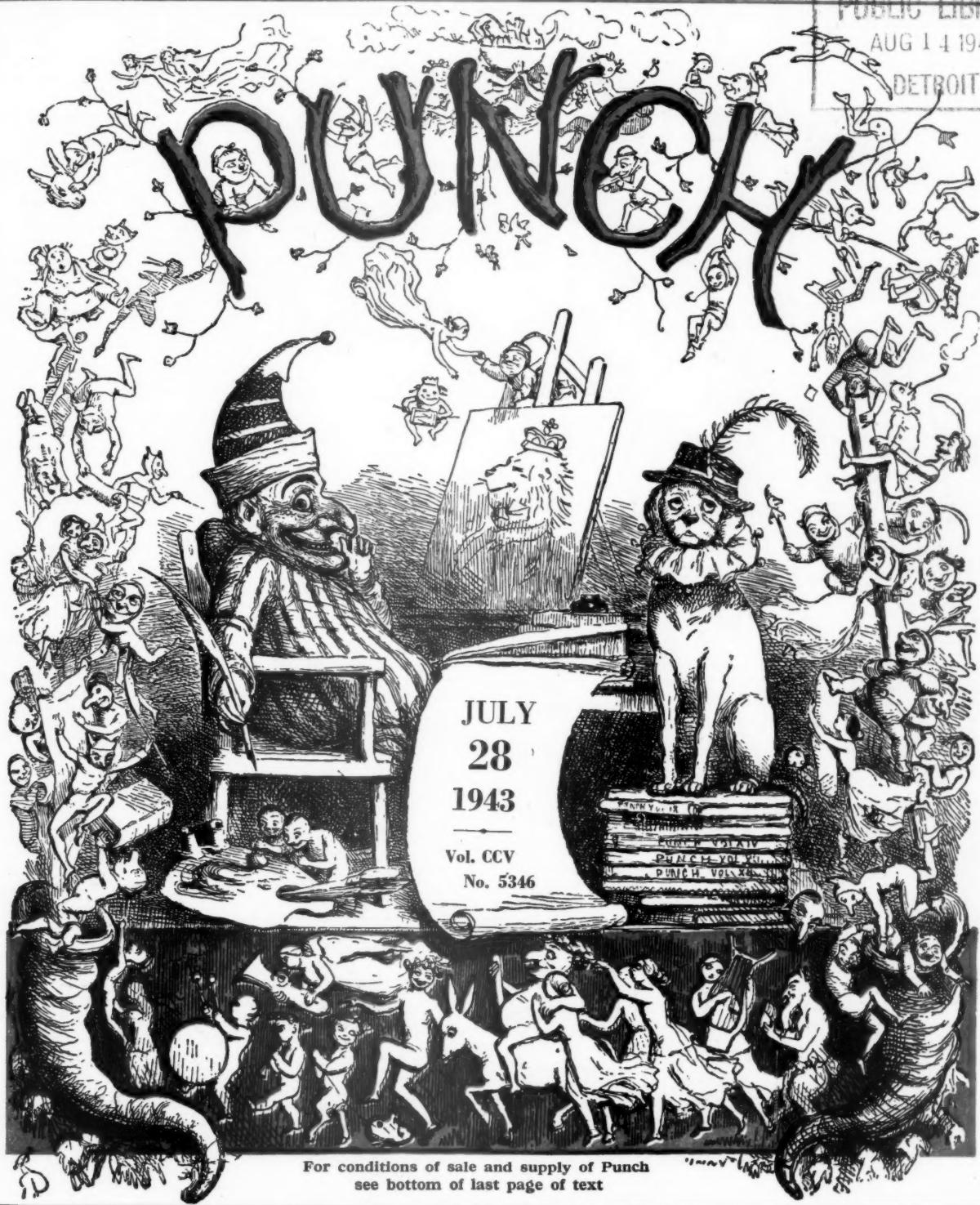


★ Rubber is vital to Victory —
take care of your Tyres ★ DUNLOP

Periodical V

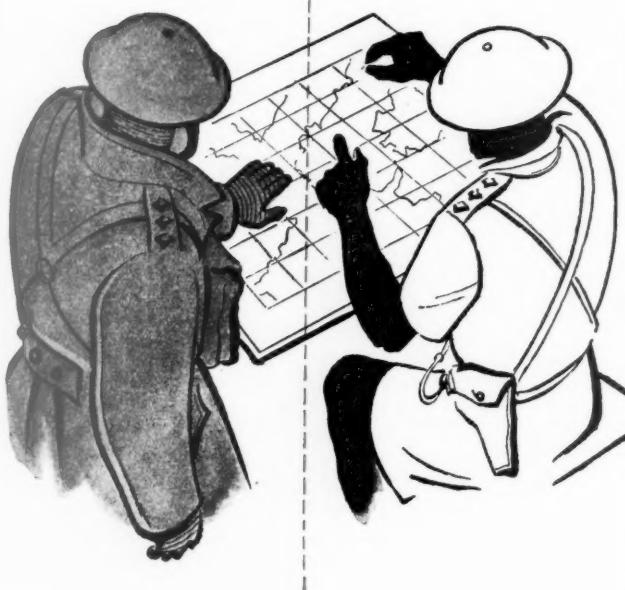


For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

"TripleX" — the safety glass
Regd.

DIFFERENT CLIMATES

—same shirt



An officer off to goodness knows where, wants shirts that are at home anywhere on the map, that are nicely adaptable to all changes of climate. He wants shirts that can rough it when he has to, that are not afraid of the wash, and keep their regulation cut and colour. He wants, in fact, 'Viyella' Service Shirts. For H.M. Forces only. In correct Service colours—white, khaki and Air Force blue.



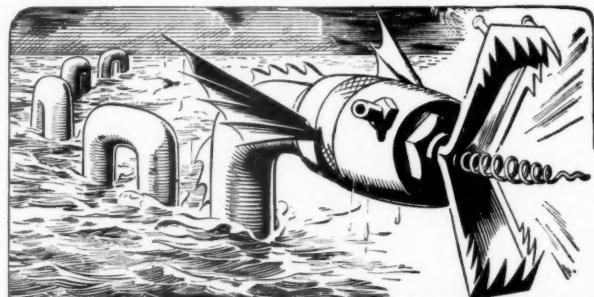
'Viyella'
REGD.
SERVICE SHIRTS

that scorched earth policy

It seems that farmers thought of it became a nuisance to Hitler. For many unpleasant diseases-like a four foot roaring flame from paraffin the inventors called the tortuous looking thing you see but tube manipulators, this Talbot Stead Tube Co., scientific husbandry. We, and our burn up any new problem



TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD.
STEEL TUBES ADVISORY CENTRE • ASTON • BIRMINGHAM



Sea Serpent—a job for 'TUNGUM'

The rarity of this lovable beast is ascribed by certain zoologists to the corrosive action of the sea on a delicate constitution. The fact that few ever reach maturity has given rise to scepticism as to their existence. Remedy proposed by nautical engineers (who resent aspersions on their veracity) is that all future sea-serpents be made of 'Tungum.'



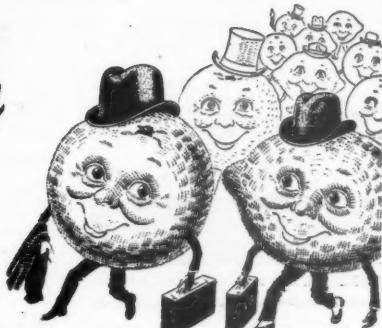
'Tungum' BRAND
ALLOY
Trade Mark

The Non-Ferrous Alloy which combines in one metal properties not found together in any other single metal. The Physical and Mechanical Characteristics of 'Tungum' are described in Technical Data Sheets Free on request.

TUNGUM SALES Co., Ltd, Brandon House, Painswick Road, Cheltenham

C A L L - U P

of
able-bodied
fruity
boys



IDRIS Squashes and Table Waters have been 'called up'. Like all brands of table waters they have joined the ranks of the National Brand of Soft Drinks. This means that you can no longer call for and obtain your

favourite drink IDRIS, with its delicious flavour and superb quality. But when peace returns IDRIS will be there—even more appetising, cooling and refreshing than in pre-war days. In the meantime

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

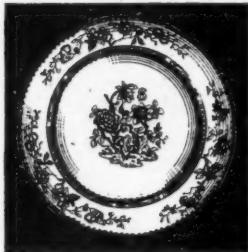
Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

SPODE

For Tableware
of Quality



CHINESE ROSE

Spode has never failed to supply replacements for 100 years and will do so again after the War.

Spode

The China of Distinction

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



If your feet are beginning to notice your birthdays, then it means a very great deal. Comfort, to begin with—because Arch Preserver shoes brace the wearying arch and support your weight naturally. Three other hidden features also conspire to give perfect foot-ease . . .



Selberite
ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office) 17-18 QLD BOND ST., W.1

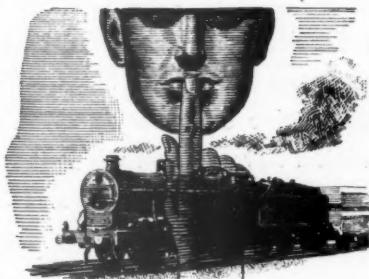


GORRAY
Skirts



Here, there and everywhere women have had pockets, but never has a more convenient position been found than "the hand-at-rest position" on the hip. The "Z-wow" Pocket Placket Fastening, feature of all Gor-ray Skirts, gives a handy hip pocket plus a placket that has no hip buttons or other fasteners to bulge and spoil the symmetry of the hip line. No wonder it's described as the smartest, most useful fashion idea for years.

All the better with the
"Z-wow" Pocket Placket Fastening.
Issued by C. STILLITZ, Royal Lexington Spa



The New "SECRET SERVICE"

THERE are many facts and figures about the British Railways the enemy would like to know. The demands the Services make on British Railways increase in size and urgency as the war progresses—the conveyance of materials and equipment, the transportation of troops coming and

going, supplies for factories, tanks, guns, food—an ever-lengthening list. Yet it all gets done and well done. The Railways are doing a first-class war job; they would like to tell you about it but it is vital work, most of which must be kept secret at least until after the war.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
GWR • LMS LNER • SR

Carrying the War Load



Breathes there a man
with thirst so dead
Who never to mine
host has said
"Bring me a glass of
Pimm's No. 1"
And, if the answer was, alas,
"No Pimm's to-day, Sir,"
let it pass?
Nay, such as he could
scarce exist;
Most men would
tactfully persist.

With apologies to Sir Walter Scott and to those whose tactful persistence is sometimes in vain.

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP
The original Gin Sling



Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them
L.B. LTD. London

Safeguard Your Teeth!



At the present time Plastics are playing a greater part in the war production than most people imagine. Immense strides have been made, and peace-time will see it applied for uses far beyond the dreams of its earliest pioneers.

If you are planning for the future let us discuss with you now how it can be applied to your business.

SOUPLEX

SOUPLEX LTD., MORECAMBE, LANCS

K.L.G.

Though K.L.G. Plugs have never been content to rest on their laurels the increasing momentum of war demands upon them has speeded up technical development more than ever. We are keeping pace with the vital needs of the Services and whatever calls are made upon them K.L.G. Plugs will continue to give exemplary service. This unstinted development will in the days of peace be of very real value to all users of petrol engines.

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., PUTNEY VALE, S.W.15.

Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



HYGIENIC - CONVENIENT - ECONOMICAL

Can you keep a secret?

There's plenty of them in Britain now and the Axis would dearly love to share them with you. Careless talk of *any kind* may give the enemy a clue and put him on his guard. Silence is more than golden — it's safe!

What don't I do...?

I don't discuss troop or ship movements with *anyone*.

I never talk about my war work or the position of factories or stores.

I don't write letters about bomb damage near me, or troops billeted on me, or friends getting embarkation leave.

If I've got a secret, I don't share it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

HEADACHE
BANISH IT WITH
Cephos
Scopolamine THE PHYSICIANS REMEDY

The best of these...

Wilkinson's

For your Silverware use only

"Goddard's"
Plate Powder
or
Liquid Plate Polish

July 28 1943

PUNCH or *The London Charivari*

MR. HILLAND DALE was a man of the open air. He read Borrow and Belloc and had been heard to observe that the finest meal in the world was bread and cheese under the open sky . . . This remark has not been heard from him lately; not, we understand, since a violent rainstorm drove him for his lunch to an inn where a perspicacious Mine Host had the happy habit of serving Pan Yan—that spicy-sweet pickle—whenever he served bread and cheese.

Pan Yan
MACONOCHEE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

{ But Mine Host
has also changed . . .
These days it's not,
always easy to get
all the Pan Yan he
wants !

Threads from the loom of time



(3) ARBITERS OF FASHION

*I*N the hey-day of Victorian grandeur, Courtaulds were firmly established as acknowledged leaders of fashion. Outstanding among contemporary manufacturers, Courtaulds were producing rich and beautiful fabrics, which accorded with the stately formalism of the period.

The fame of Courtaulds silks, and in particular their black crape, was not confined to England. Orders flowed in from overseas, and selling organisations were established in America and Europe—forerunners of the world-

wide distribution existing to-day. To the present generation the name of Courtaulds is famous for rayon and all the lovely fabrics made with it. Unfortunately, Courtaulds rayon is scarce in war time, when National needs take precedence. It will return with peace more beautiful and versatile than before. Nor is this all. The name of Courtaulds will be associated with new developments destined to benefit mankind in a manner not less notable than the perfection of rayon.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



Save

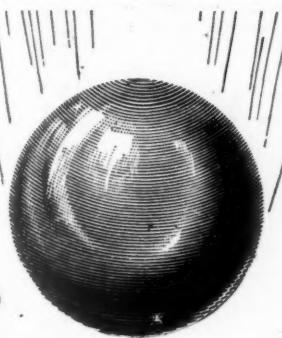
Just add
a few
drops
of
SCRUBB'S
to the
water

Scrubbs is
backed by
70 years'
experience &
reputation

PER BOTTLE
1/6

SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY AMMONIA

What has
a ball
to do
with paint?



We use the "falling sphere" test to make sure our paints are really going to play cricket. A heavy steel ball is dropped on to a metal surface coated with paint, and unless the paint film can stand up to these hard knocks, it will never win a place in the Robbialac team. If it cracks under the strain, it is too brittle or lacks adhesion. And in either case it is "out for a duck"—and promptly rejected by the Robbialac scientists. Keeping their eye on the ball enables these scientists to decide whether a finish will enjoy a long innings in actual use. By tests such as these, paints that camouflage ships, or protect tanks, guns, shell or planes are proved worthy of their task. And in the days of peace, whether you're an industrialist, a decorator or just a man who potters about his house with a paint-pot, you'll never be stumped—as long as you remember Robbialac.

The ROBBIALAC COMPANY

Proprietors: JENSON & NICHOLSON LTD., LONDON, E.15

We

Connoisseurs
commend

VAMOUR
THE True VERMOUTH

The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.

Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
SACKVILLE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.I

Embassy Soap

Delicately perfumed
smooth rich lather 7d

A. & P. PEARS LTD., LONDON

PT 1/180

Less
Time for
Housework

- more
need for



MP/QR
• BE SPARING IN USE
SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

For Floors Furniture and Linoleum



Housewives on part-time
war-work find Mansion
Polish the quick and easy
way of keeping the home
bright, clean and healthy.

"Tell me, doctor..."

... what are the
important properties
of an antiseptic for
personal use?"

In the first place an anti-septic must kill germs. But, more than that, it must kill them without damaging the tissues they have invaded. It must be selective - able to tell a good germ from a bad one. An antiseptic for personal use must be non-toxic, non-corrosive, stable, and persistent in the presence of blood or pus:

and, for preference, agreeable in use.

These are the properties of an antiseptic which medical science has anxiously sought since germs first came to be understood.

In the modern antiseptic 'Dettol' these qualities are united and combined: and today in our great hospitals and in private practice, doctors, surgeons and nurses use 'Dettol' to protect their patients, and themselves, from the menace of septic infection.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOLE THE MODERN
ANTISEPTIC

Trade Mark
Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.

OPTREX

still the best eye lotion

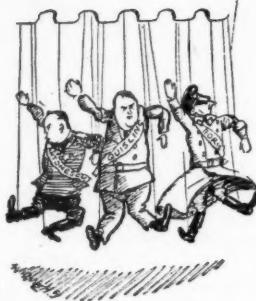
still available through your Chemist.

People who need a proper medical eye lotion should not use home-made or casually prepared lotions. Chemicals mixed with tap water are merely a danger. Optrex is still the best for regular use. It is produced under conditions of clinical asepsis and control for which there is no substitute. Its manufacture requires laboratory apparatus of a very special character. Its ingredients are carefully balanced. The result of all this care is a lotion which is isotonic, sterile, safe and effective.

Optrex is still being made and is still available through your Chemist. If everybody uses it with care there should be enough to go round. Those who *must* have Optrex regularly should ask their Chemist about the prescription scheme.

* OPTREX EYE LOTION *

Optrex Ltd., 17, Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5346

July 28 1943

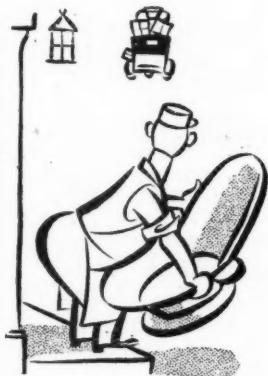
Charivaria

IT is possible, we are told, that Martian scientists have found some traces of civilization on our planet. Oh, well, they've probably been looking for it longer than we have.

We hear Dr. Goebbels daily visits Cologne Cathedral to see whether anything can be added to the damage.

Few of the Italians who surrendered in Sicily were Fascists, we read. They realized, of course, they would get nowhere by waving black shirts.

A man in court said that his mother-in-law, father-in-law, brother-in-law and sister-in-law are paying him a visit of indefinite duration. Apparently Sicily hasn't got the only AMGOT.



Take Your Choice

"The Labour Party, he declared, must lead in the struggle for progress or decay."—*Daily Paper*.

No sadder story is told in Fleet Street than that of the impetuous correspondent who invaded the wrong island.

Stiff
"LIFE SENTENCE TO STAND"
Heading in Liverpool Paper.



It is estimated that six-sevenths of the people in this country have wireless sets. The other one-seventh merely open their windows.

An Italian general received a high decoration from the Duce just a few days before he was taken prisoner in Sicily. He timed this rather well.

One German radio station now prefaches its announcements with the sound of a tuning-fork. This is thought to indicate a change in the tone of enemy propaganda.

We read that there are two men who look like Dr. Goebbels. Unfortunately one of them is.

The Italians launched a cavalry charge against the American forces in Sicily. Not a jeep shied.

The establishment of a vegetable research station is being considered by the Government. A correspondent suggests that the first inquiry should be: "Spinach: why?"



A dog entered a North London shop and stole a pound of sausages, as Lord Woolton laughingly calls them.

"The Italian Fleet cannot reach the Pacific," says a writer. Well, that's one thing Japan hasn't got to worry about.

A cow milked by a screen actress in a recent film has since died. Local farmers are surprised that the animal didn't kick the bucket before.

Invasion

VOY VASS THE MOST EVER-TO-BE VENERATED MONUMENT IN THIS SO MUCH TO BE EXECRATED TOWN?" said Von Something-or-other, trying to make it clear even to the most unintelligent reader that he was supposed to be a Prussian general.

He was told.

"Then we will there our High Headquarters make. The crypts are very strong, no?"

"Very strong indeed."

"That is good. And there are other ancient buildings?"

"Many."

"There my troops will have to billeted be. The hotel of the Five Artichokes the officers' mess will be. Over the roof of the red cross flag must to fly be made. Vot vass the people by whom this town the last time taken vass?"

"By the Saracens."

"That is also good. Many saints, poets, orators, kings and cardinals here resided have?"

"A great number."

"That is still more good. Do you mind if I talk in ordinary English now?"

"I shall count it a pleasure," said the Mayor of Quelque Chose, heaving a sigh of relief.

"All over Europe we shall do this. We shall thus make it impossible for the forces of the intoxicated gangster Roosevelt, the Jewish plutocrat Churchill and the rebellious hordes of the infamous traitor Giraud to continue their invasion without destroying all the holy edifices and all the picture-galleries and all the libraries of Christendom. We shall say 'Advance at your peril. The cathedrals of Italy, France and Belgium shall be pockets of German Kultur-Resistance around you and behind you, unless you have the barbarous effrontery to throw shells at them from the land or from the air.' If it were convenient to us we shall bomb them ourselves and say that the be-damned pluto-communists have done it. Also—"

"Might not Quelque Chose be made an open town?" faltered the Mayor.

"It might be but it won't be. Is it likely that the great German people which has spent so much labour in creating engines of war both material and spiritual will neglect this weapon of propaganda also? The enemy should have thought of this before they had the audacity to attack us. Do you remember Ypres and Louvain?"

"Very well."

"Were they spared?"

"Certainly not."

"War then is war. On the roof of the cathedral we place some anti-aircraft guns."

"But we are not a railway junction, General."

"You are a miserable, out-of-the-way, uncomfortable provincial city. But even you are good enough to contain a depot for the glorious German tanks, and to prove that the invaders are destroying civilization if they touch a stone of your sacred town hall. Send me the hostages who are to be tied up in the arena."

And really I don't see what the Mayor of Quelque Chose was to do but obey.

* * * * *

You call this scene fantastic? I hope so, but I have no doctrinal basis for my hope. Why should he expect the Hun to come in like a rhinoceros and go out like a lamb? Any town can force an enemy to attack it, and most of Southern Europe is half-way between a shrine and an

historical museum. The only alternative is to besiege the places and starve them until they surrender, and that method may be even more barbarous and prolonged. I have yet to be told what those who are rightly troubled about Rome and other Italian cities expect us to do if Southern Italy is invaded and we advance towards the north. I can imagine even more disgraceful orders from Berlin than those that Von Something-or-Other issued to the Mayor of Quelque Chose. In creating the New Disorder in Europe the Germans secured an advantage not immediately appreciated; they secured the power of making the disorder a hundred times worse before it could be healed. And (even apart from Rome) the Italians might do well to remember that backed by the Germans they can force more trouble on themselves in this way and lose more at the last than any country in the world. Even if there were no such thing as aerial bombardment the fact would remain, for siege guns do all that bombs can do, and the prospect is terrifying. It is some consolation to remember that the marshalling yards of Rome are not in themselves sacred—not even to the poet Martial.

EVOE.

Going to Bude?

I AM a bad citizen. I want to look at the sea again. It is four years now since I last had a look at it (not counting glimpses from carriage windows or through barbed wire) and I want to see if it still comes creeping up the sands with a little foam at its edges, pushing its way just that inch further than the laws of nature allow, until at last it runs out of water and has to go back for more. I want to see if it has lost the old knack of swashing round both sides of a rock at once and meeting itself round at the back with a gentle *glop*, whether it still bites your ankles a bit when you step into it, whether crabs and jelly-fish live in it or only mines and spent torpedoes. I want to go and sit in it, as a matter of fact, and wonder once again why my shins are so frightfully pale.

I ought not to want to sit in the sea, I know that. I ought to want to join in the Sports Gala they've arranged for me in the Recreation Ground; a gala specially got up to stop me wanting to sit in the sea. And that's not all. There's the Procession of Decorated Bicycles, with a prize of a Savings Certificate for the best entry, and they say there's going to be a dance, too, on the Saturday with the mayor as M.C., if he's back from—if his other engagements permit, that is to say.

I should be perfectly happy not to go to the sea, if nobody went there at all. But they go there in thousands, the selfish brutes. They are there now, millions of them, wallowing in the sun, wriggling their misshapen toes about in the warm sand, chasing each other into the sea with hideous cries and stepping, I hope, on multitudes of sharp stones. And those that aren't there now are going in August, or went in June. What's the matter with them all? Don't they know that there's a war on?

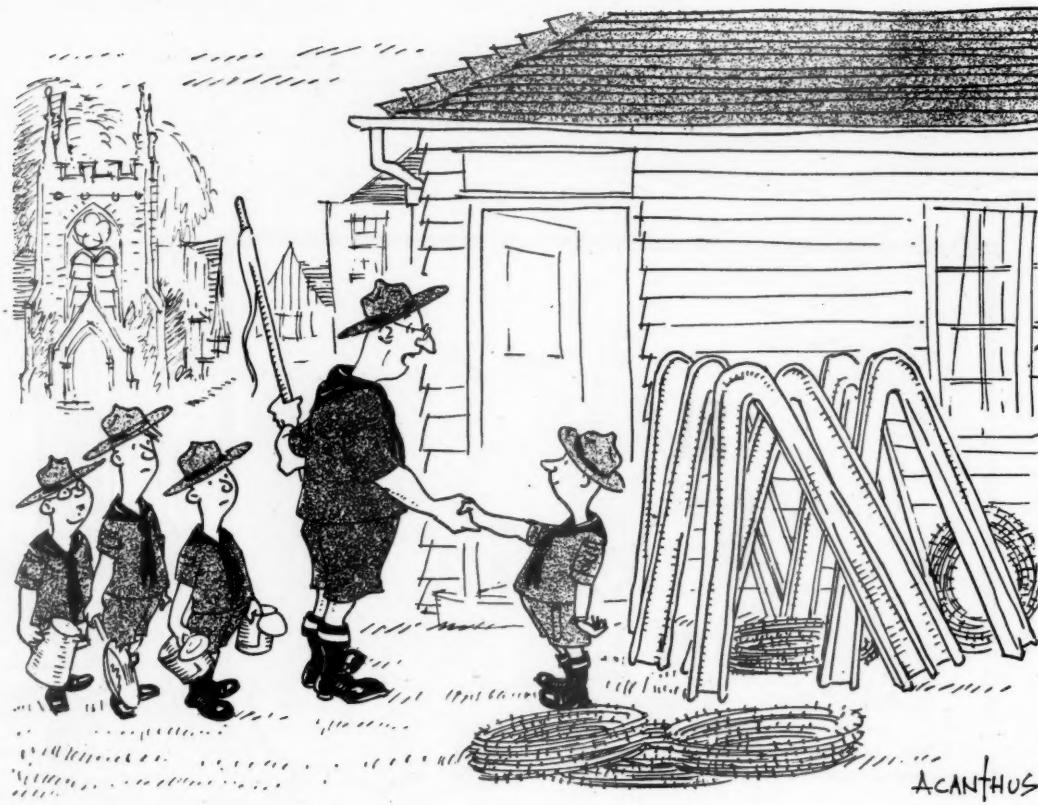
And what about me? Haven't I as much right as all these E.P.T. victims to a breath of fresh air? It seems to me that patriotism can be overdone if it means being the only man on Waterloo Station without a spade and bucket.

I ask myself sometimes, as I look through my old snaps



IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

[A Government inquiry into the trend of the birthrate has been announced by the Minister of Health.]



"There's not much doubt about the winner of this week's Scrap Metal Drive."

of Ilfracombe and the bathing-pool at Treyarnon and that one of King Arthur's Castle at what's-its-name, what difference will one extra in the corridor of the Cornish Riviera Express (assuming one extra in the corridor to be within the bounds of possibility)—what difference, I ask myself, will it make to the total annual coal consumption of Great Britain. I get no answer to this question, for I do not know the figure for coal consumption in locomotives per hundredweight of load drawn. But I do feel that if that is all there is to it, I could square my account by giving up a hot bath some time when I don't feel very inclined to have one.

The next question is, in what way or ways am I directly impeding the war effort by travelling to and from the west coast and by fathering myself on the good people of Bude or Looe for the statutory seven days?

Answers:

1. I am making it impossible for some soldier or civilian of national importance, whose journey *is* really necessary, to get on the train. True. On the other hand I may equally well be making it impossible for some selfish holiday-maker to get on the train, which is a good thing. Fifty-fifty.

2. I am unnecessarily increasing the hardships that will have to be endured by those already on the train. True again. But I don't care tuppence about this.

3. If I reach my destination alive I shall immediately begin to consume food that should rightfully go to sustain the good people of Looe or Bude. Yes. But do the people of Bude never go away and eat the food belonging to other townships? I don't know.

4. I shall be spending money which, properly used, might put Surbiton top of the poll in Balloons for Britain Week. Undeniable. But I shall make the people of Looe so wealthy that they may easily beat Bude's target of £100,000 for Torpedo Tuesday. I can't see any flaw in that.

Thinking things over, it seems so easy to make out a reasonable case for going to the sea that I find it hard to understand why I don't go. I suppose the real reason is that even if everybody else in the country is behaving unpatriotically that is no excuse at all for behaving unpatriotically oneself. A subsidiary cause may be that owing to other people's selfishness every place I try seems to be booked right up.
H. F. E.

With a Faugh, Lal, La

INTO our discussion of cubic warfare in a global war (prompted by a news-item headed—or so my Uncle Herbert with many oaths maintained—"Chinese Eject Italians from Norway. Washington, Thursday . . .") broke my Aunt Tabitha, who seemed disposed to talk of music.

"I am writing an opera," she announced, "called *The Trail of the Loathsome Pine*."

"Opera! Pah!" cried one of the cousins who liked to be thought abreast of modern opinion.

"My difficulties at the moment," said Aunt Tabitha, taking no notice, "are connected with the Trio 'Ah! what can but be jollier' in the third act. It is essential that the soprano should take part in this, but—"

"Wait a minute," her thin uncle interrupted. "Why is it essential?"

"Do not question the compulsions of genius," boomed the one of Aunt Tabitha's great-grandfathers with the loudest voice. She threw him a grateful look, but it dropped unnoticed, for most of the rest of us were egging on our acknowledged expert on musical subjects, her Aunt Sarah (L.R.A.M.), to say a few words. Aunt Sarah seldom speaks, because she is nearly always humming, whistling, or beating time with a delicate forefinger, but seldom even in the most sanguine dreams of the Three Choirs Festival can there have been more amorous a music-lover.

On this occasion however she was moved only to some what gushing reminiscence.

"Ah! those dear early days of youthful enthusiasm! That never-to-be-forgotten day we went to hear Robinson Caruso in *Tompkinsonii*," Aunt Tabitha's Aunt Sarah recalled, "we were up at the crack of doom."

"The knell of doom," said Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle; upon which her fat uncle corrected coldly "The Kneller Hall."

Suggestions continued to break out like pimples: "The Queen's Hall." "The Queen's Bays." "The green baize." "The Green Howards."

"Enough!" Aunt Tabitha cried suddenly in a voice of thunder. "The subject under discussion is the Trio in the third act of my opera, *The Trail of the Loathsome Pine*."

"I always understood that you were writing a nautical extravaganza based on *The Last Chronicles of Barset*," piped Aunt Tabitha's eldest great-grandfather. "We had an argument long ago about your intention to call it *The Last Barnacles of Crosset*."

"Trollope!" interjected a stray unidentifiable brother-in-law. "What a writer of libretti! His very name is music for drums."

But Aunt Tabitha said she had given up this idea. "I was not equal to it," she said. "My creative energy—and there is a dirty look, boys and girls, waiting for the first one to make any kind of crack about my needing a diatonic—"

Naturally there was eager competition for this; but when it had been bestowed, and filed away (though not completely, owing to war-time shortage of labour and materials), Aunt Tabitha went inexorably on:

"—did not run to it."

"I wouldn't run to it myself," said her thin uncle

snootily. "I'd have run away from it. And so, if you ask me, would old Tympani Trollope."

"Anthony Trollope," said Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle, and the scattered fire broke out again: "Antony and Cleopatra." "Caesar and Cleopatra." "Cesar Romero." "P. Vergilius Maro"—

This time Aunt Tabitha had a little more trouble in winding up the subject (if any), but when it had been done—with no more than a side-glance at Q. Horatius Flaccus and J. Worthington Foulfellow—she brought the conversation round, by main force, to rhythm.

"Rhythm?" repeated my Uncle Herbert. "Pooh!"

Aunt Tabitha looked stern: "Rhythm is all," she declared. "Why even as it is, *rith* whythm—I mean *with* rhythm, the very best tap-dancing is often indistinguishable from frying bacon."

Her eldest great-grandfather set out to contest this. "Ham on the stage—" he began.

"Sir! You are speaking of the man I love!" Aunt Tabitha interrupted warmly. Perhaps with the object of soothing her ruffled feelings, her fat uncle observed that rhythm was all right in its place.

"Look up Grove," he went on. "Remember Dr. Burney. What he said went."

"On the contrary," declared an iconoclastic cousin. "What he said went came."

Later, however, it emerged that this cousin had understood the reference to be to Ben Bernie, the band-leader.

As tenderly as a woman, Aunt Tabitha made one final effort to hoist the discussion back on to its cultural plane.

"You at least," she said to her Aunt Sarah (L.R.A.M.), "realize my difficulties."

But her Aunt Sarah was beating time with a delicate forefinger and made no reply. Aunt Tabitha sighed.

"Pass me the can, lad," she said to somebody or other (quoting Housman). "I have to carry it back." R. M.

• •

1936 and All That

HAVE you lunched at the Hop Pole
In the Dukeries,
Or consumed a furtive beer
In that ridiculously small back bar
At the Pike and Eel?
Have you walked the Quantock Hills
Or the coast road
Down from Kylse
To Tintagel?
Do you remember Ible
And how many grey stone farms sleep on the hills?
Have you bathed where the sand is silver
Or mourned for Kipling's "ports of stranded
pride"?
Have you followed the Wye into Wales
And crossed Hadrian's Wall—
Or were you more ambitious
And the proud owner of too-long-discarded
G.B. plates?
And will you remember all this—
To-day—
Lazily listening to the local band in the park?

Second Flight

II

Sunday

THIS morning we had *two* eggs and bacon for breakfast. If we had asked for three, there would, we believe, have been no serious opposition. After the eggs we had an orange. That is the kind of place we are in.

Last night, for the first time for three years and 322 days, we slept in a town without a black-out. This was even more exciting than the eggs and the orange. Indeed it took us too much by surprise; for the first thing we saw when we went out into the night was an approaching bicycle, with a light as bright as Venus and as large as a saucer. And, forgetting that we were on neutral soil, we cried out automatically and fiercely "PUT THAT LIGHT OUT!"

The startled citizen on the bicycle halted and said, with admirable mildness: "An' why would I do the like of that? Sure, it's a dark night, an' no moon at all."

We explained that the Air had unexpectedly deposited us in a neutral country for the first time, and we had not yet got the form. The incident passed off quietly.

We then goggled happily at a long line of moon-like street-lamps hung above the street, and at big bright windows gaily ignoring the war. We went up to our bedroom, turned on the light, and pulled up the blind, just for fun. It was fun.

But we confess that we have not yet flown the Atlantic. We have flown, as you may have guessed, as far as Eire. We started flying the Atlantic this time two days ago. We may go on to-morrow. We may not. Nobody knows. There are fogs over Newfoundland, and depressions half-way, and as a matter of fact it is nothing to write home about here. (How anybody expects to get good weather all the way over the ocean we don't know.) We are accompanied by experienced world-travellers and charming professional airmen, who tell us that these delays are nothing. One man remembers mucking about at — for ten days, another was held up at — for three weeks and had to be ready at 0600 every morning. We keep on muttering that it is much better to travel in ships: but nobody pays any attention.

Oh, yes, one man does. That is Captain —, a veteran airman and a very fine fellow. He has been flying since the last war; and now, though nearly as old as we are, he is doing a big job "ferrying" bombers from the American continent. He delivers one bomber, and goes back for another. But does he go back by air? Not if he can help it. He likes to go back in a ship, he says, and have some peace and quietness. An odd phrase for the Atlantic, these days; but that is what he says. He has no illusions about the Air. He thinks it is a bore. And when

he goes back by sea, he says, he is fit and ready for his next flight.

So we give him a brief sketch of the speech we propose to make at the next Civil Aviation debate, the gist of which is—the less Civil Aviation the better, and Britain should set an example by keeping it down. He says we are quite wrong. Bore though it is, there must be more of it; and Britain must do more of it; for otherwise the Americans will do it all. (It sounds like Hollywood and the film industry.) So we shall have to revise our speech.

Meanwhile the rather awful thing is that we no longer have the slightest desire to fly the Atlantic—not if we can stay here with these nice people, have two eggs for breakfast and an orange as well—and no black-out. Fate has sent us for the first time to our native land, and we rather like it. If only the Air would say definitely "You cannot fly the Atlantic for three days" we could go over and visit our ancestral home, fifty miles away. But you can't do that sort of thing when you are in the clutches of the Air. They must keep you dangling at the first degree of readiness. We feel like a man on ticket-of-leave.

However, if it were not for the queer behaviour of the Air we should not be in Eire, which is fun. The people are charming and friendly, and talk perfect Irish. We meet Mr. Sinclair, our favourite actor, everywhere. We stood with a chemist at his door this morning, taking shelter from the rain. A funeral passed. "Ah," says the chemist, "there's a poor devil takin' his last ride. He'll not be worryin' anny more if it's wet or dry."

And there is a General Election in Eire soon. We should like to see more of it. We have been reading the Election Address of the local Fianna Fail candidate. We like especially the following passages:

"The Economic and Industrial Problem is not completely solved."

"The present Government has had the responsibility for maintaining the National Security for nearly four critical years" (unassisted, of course, by the Royal Navy and Air Force).

"We are in mid-stream, safe and secure, and in reasonable comfort so far."

No one engaged in this election, we gather, questions, or even mentions,



"Time, gentlemen, please."



"I WISH they could have lent us a Lancaster . . ."

neutrality. Well, two eggs for breakfast and no black-out—we understand.

As we clatter across country in the springless bus—that is another thing about the Air, by the way; one spends half the time doing long uncomfortable motor journeys over tenth-class roads—we see and hear the real excuse that we should make, if it was our business, for Eire's neutrality. "That large building was burned by the Sinn Feiners. Then it was occupied by the English. The Sinn Feiners captured it and made a fort of it. Then the English burned it" and so on. In other words, Eire, like Spain, had a lot of shoot-bang-fire long before we did: and wanted a good rest. Still, she has had quite a good rest.

There is only one thing that still keeps alive a flickering interest in our original plan to fly the Atlantic. That

is, we are keen to become a Short Snorter. A Short Snorter is one who has flown the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean. A Long Snorter is one who has flown to Australia. The Short Snorters form a kind of international fraternity, with no club premises (so far, anyhow). When, or as, you fly the Atlantic you hand a dollar-note to an old Short Snorter who writes "Short Snorter" and his name on your dollar-note and so enrols you. Then you write your name on his. Whenever you meet another Short Snorter you exchange signatures, but—and this is the big catch—if you are challenged by a Short Snorter and have not got your Short Snorter note on you you pay a dollar to all Short Snorters present. The story goes that the last time the Prime Minister was challenged it cost him thirty-six dollars. When you fly

the Atlantic again (this will *not* occur in our case, if we can help it) you start a new note (not necessarily a dollar) and gum it—end to end—to the other. One gallant American pilot with us, who is making his thirteenth snort in a short period, has a string of snorters it takes him two minutes to unroll.

As for us, technically, we are only incipient Short Snorters, but we have done a lot of signing already. We entered the office of the Eire immigration authorities with some trepidation. We might be interned; we might be sent back to England. The officer said kindly: "Good evening, Mr. Haddock. Do you mind signing this?" "This" was a Short Snorter. On the back were two names—"Adolphe Menjou" and "Eamon de Valera". We were proud to pop our little name in between them.

A. P. H.



"We do 48 on 24 off 48 on 24 off 48 on 24 off
48 on 24 off, and so on."

My Bike

I HAVE bought me a brand-new bike
At a price that was not controlled;
I won't go so far as to say it's like
The bikes I have known of old,
But for average work it should do quite well.
But it's got no bell.

The trouble that's in my mind
Is how I can best convey
The fact that I'm coming along behind
To those that are in my way.
It will take some tact, but tact I claim
Is my middle name.

With persons of decent gump
A formally courteous cough
While not of a nature to make them jump
May probably clear them off,
Or a Ho or Hi in good sharp tones
Should quicken their bones.

But for women with shopping loads,
And the poisonous reckless brats
Who airily risk on the public roads
The lives of a dozen cats,
And the gossiping menace that stands engrossed
As deaf as a post,

I shall yap like a frenzied peke,
I shall bay like a barndoar fowl,
And I hope to develop a siren shriek
Combined with a jackal's howl.
For the fair and young it's a different thing;
For them I shall sing.

I shall warble a Morning Song,
I shall yodel Tra La, Tra La,
And doff my cap as I trundle along
With a smile and a kindly Ta,
And I'd have you know that if that won't act
I've done with tact. DUM-DUM.

Laundries

LAUNDRIES and mankind have been on a strange footing with each other ever since either laundries or mankind began; probably laundries, because there is evidence that mankind got there first. However that may be, laundries and mankind now meet each other as equals in a way which applies to no other public service. It is all very interesting, and I think it would be profitable to take laundries as my subject to-day; not expecting to find out anything new about the laundries themselves, but hoping to bring to light some undiscovered aspects of human nature.

First I must make it clear that when we talk about the laundry we do not mean so much the actual place which does our washing as the actual washing which has to be done. I will say more about the place itself a little later on, only mentioning here that it all seems very far away from us, and that this is because it is very far from us. It is doubtful if many people have ever seen any laundry close to, and certain that very few have seen their own, mainly because human nature has little enough mystery in its life and clings to any it is given such a good chance about as the laundry system gives it; and also, to do human nature justice, it has an idea that laundries do not want to be seen close to, or they would not be so far off.

The laundry, then, as we know it, is the sheets, pillow-cases and so on which are scattered about the home, disguised as sheets, pillow-cases and so on, but which we know very well will on a certain day in the week become the laundry. This certain day in the week is the day when whoever does it has to get the laundry together and hand it over to the man who calls for it; a man whom human nature is apt to think of as dressed in dark green, even if he is not. This day may be any day of the week, but it is always the same day, and it is also the same day of the week when the laundry-man brings back the last lot of washing. To human nature the only sensible way of identifying this day is by being reminded of it on seeing the man at the door; so that what the laundry intends as the signal that human nature has finished counting out its washing human nature is inclined to take as the signal that it can now begin. There is a flaw somewhere; but psychologists say that on the whole it lies in human nature.

Moreover, centuries of seeing the laundry-man at the door have—such is human nature's power of intake—led people to believe that they are always seeing him, and that any man dressed in the same dark colour all over is going to take their washing away; so that, after three days of this sort of thing, people will start reminding themselves that they have only three days left to get the

BE stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution....

SHAKESPEARE (*King John*).

That clarion call still rings in our ears to-day, for once more Britons are going forth to the assault against the German enemy as they have against foreign enemies in the past. And if we cannot all man the tanks and guns, pilot the planes and sail the ships, we can all take part in this mighty effort. To those who must stay behind we say

PLEASE

send a donation to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

last lot of washing, so that, on the whole, relations between such of the laundry as the public sees and the public itself are as good as can be hoped for. They are, indeed, so good that the public, faced three days later with only another three more days not to think about the laundry in, finds itself directing its natural resentment against a kind of impersonal system responsible for the whole thing. This, psychologists say, has led to all the jokes about buttons, adding that only thus can they account for the fact that when a laundry does tear a button off, humanity's instinctive, if instantly smothered, reaction is a relief that at last it is justified. Psychologists also say on the whole the number of buttons torn off, or even only bent, does not provide enough outlet for this resentment, but that laundries, being fully conscious of it, every now and then hold back a table-cloth to give their customers a chance of squaring up with themselves. You see what I mean about laundries and mankind being a match for each other.

o o

Lake District

WORDSWORTH'S spirit, soundly sleep,
W eye of Coleridge, do not peep,
lovers all of Lakeland, creep
off and hide, let walkers weep
that stride the ferny fell and steep;
for lovely things are here made cheap,
no more stiff joints the fine views reap,
nor hardly won the high backs leap,
as—look out for those mountain sheep—
we bounce up Skiddaw in our jeep.

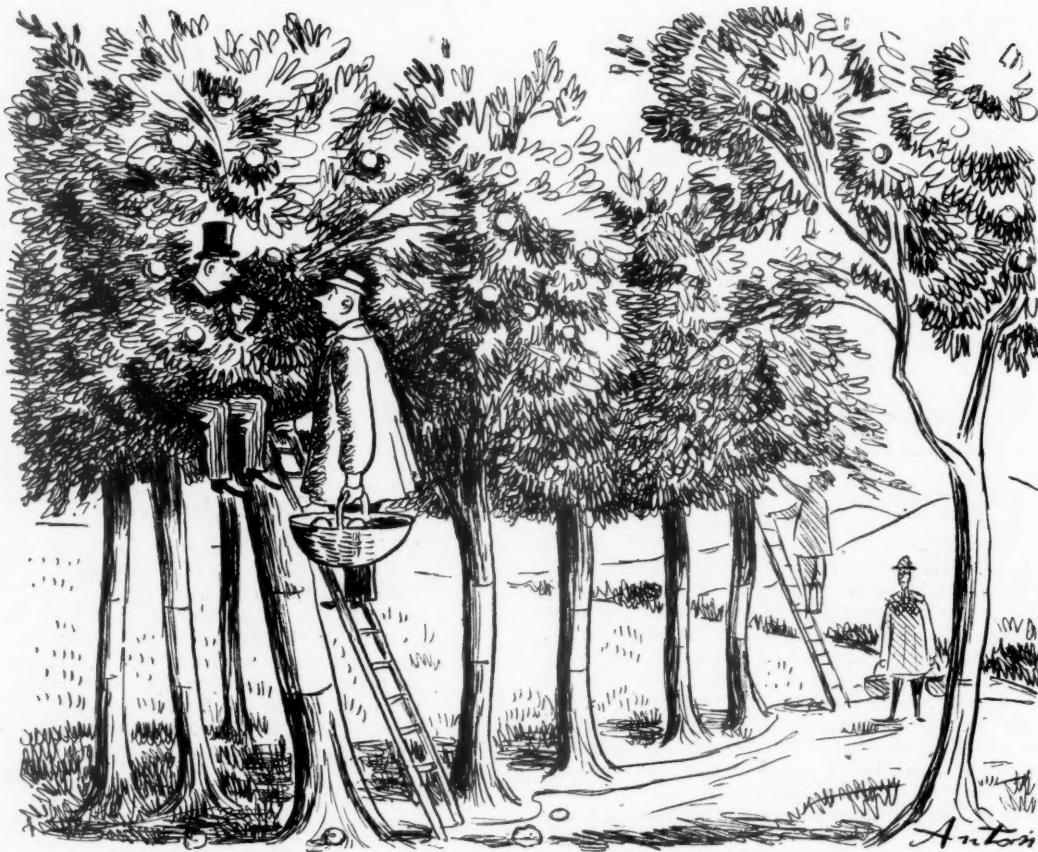


"The nasty part comes from a particularly charming little blue flower."

laundry ready. So far, so good. But in the next three days this feeling will wear off, to be superseded by other feelings. Psychologists explain this by saying that if humanity has nothing to worry about it will find something, but that if it has the laundry to worry about it will stop worrying so as to have nothing to worry about so as to find something else. This may be all right for psychologists, but not for laundries, and we can see by all this what the laundry system is up against. Its counter-stroke has been the engendering of a conscience among its customers, which it does by arranging that a laundry shall traditionally be further away from its own customers than these customers are from other laundries. Customers can see the force of this by sitting down and thinking what exactly drives them in the end to get down to having the washing ready for the laundry-man; simply that the poor man has come all that way just to see them; though I should add that as a subsidiary counter-stroke every laundry prints on its box how much the box has cost it, so as to make its customers feel even worse.

Now for the process known as getting the laundry ready. This, like most things which are very difficult to start, is comparatively simple when once it gets under way. It consists of collecting all the sheets, pillow-cases and so on into a heap, writing a little list describing them, going through the heap to make sure it corresponds with the list, going through the list again to make sure it corresponds with the heap, and putting the heap into the laundry-box, not forgetting to put the list in with it; or rather, forgetting it and then remembering. In making this list, psychologists tell us, we see as perhaps nowhere else humanity's perpetual striving towards what art calls *form* in its attempt to grade its washing in order of size from sheets down to handkerchiefs; and the fact that most washing-lists end with a forgotten bath-towel, psychologists say, makes no difference to their theory.

Anyone who has finished this very complex process satisfactorily feels, naturally, pretty good. This feeling, renewed whenever the person concerned sees the box concerned, accounts for the fact that most laundry-men get a welcome they must be used to by now but cannot have expected to begin with; unless, of course, whoever should have got the box ready has forgotten, when the laundry-man has to take the blame for being the laundry-man. To offset any possibility of this, laundry-men are given the chance of finding change for a pound to pay the



"Well, what are you staring at—haven't you ever seen a man in a top hat before?"

Hyde-Jekyll

(Lines Addressed to His Cat)

TO-NIGHT you sit in solemn state,
Impeccable, immaculate,
A creature palpably designed
For culture at its most refined;
Fastidiously exact in taste,
Incapable of heat or haste,
A sybarite in satin vesture,
Civilization's final gesture.

Last night you crouched behind a hedge
With talons out and teeth on edge,
Every barbarian urge astir,
A steel-and-rubber murderer.
Gone the sleek ball of *savoir-faire*;
A stark assassin loitered there

Hunting his victim, grim and gory,
The primitive in all his glory.

Strange creature, that with equal zest
Pursues the vilest and the best,
Impersonating night by night
Man-about-town or troglodyte,
Now roosting with the idle rich,
Now chivvying rodents in a ditch—
Strange backward brute that seeks
subsistence
In such a Jekyll-Hyde existence!

But—don't we all? A chap I know—
In time of peace a fop, a beau,

A connoisseur of wines and books,
Old furniture and inglenooks—
To-day commands a tank, and he
Enjoys himself, believe you me;
A tireless tough who takes to slaughter
As cats to cream or ducks to water.

So there we are. . . . You great Pretence,
You sit there stuffed with innocence,
Knowing that *I* can throw no brick—
Sic Felidae; et Homo sic:
The more our tribes attain the heights,
The more, alas! the depth delights
And shall do till our dissolution. . . .
Get up, you fraud; I want my cushion!
H. B.



THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

"Sorry I can't do more—I'm feeling a bit shaky myself. I've just had an accident with a bear."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, July 20th.—House of Lords: A Statement on the Bombing of Rome.

House of Commons: Pensions Discussed at Length.

Wednesday, July 21st.—House of Lords: Press Lords Joust.

House of Commons: Education—in Scotland.

Thursday, July 22nd.—House of Commons: Pension Appeals Bill Again.

Tuesday, July 20th.—If Justice could have lifted her eye-bandages for a moment to-day she would surely have been thrilled by the sight of the House of Commons. For the House was in one of its "Let-justice-be-done-though-the-taxes-rise" moods, and reforming zeal glinted from the eyes of all.

All, that is, save Sir JAMES GRIGG, the Secretary of State for War, who is invariably described by one of his Ministerial colleagues as being "incredibly tough." He showed this quality (in quantity) to-day, and strangely enough at the expense of that hard-worked and little-appreciated body of men, Home Guard officers.

There must be some good reason for his attitude—for Sir JAMES is the most just of men—but it startled both Sir THOMAS MOORE, who raised the matter, and the whole House, including (to judge from their expressions) some occupants of the Treasury Bench.

Sir THOMAS had pointed out that a recent decision of the Scottish High Court that a Home Guard officer is NOT a "common soldier" and can therefore not escape Estate Duty if he dies in action, seemed to call for some adjustment of the regulations. No, said Sir JAMES, no change.

But, surely, said Sir THOMAS, all his knightly chivalry aroused, even the Government cannot have things both ways. They could not save a few shillings on a Home Guard officer's treatment in hospital when he was injured, by treating him as a common soldier, and then make a bit more, when he was dead, by taking tax on his estate, because he was not a common soldier. That, Sir THOMAS said, to the cheers of the House, could not be right.

The Minister, sternly digging in his toes, said he could—and would—have things both ways. Or rather, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would. And, by the way, if Sir THOMAS wanted to whip the Chancellor (sitting, grinning happily, by his side), would he please do so, and not use him (of the War Office) as a whipping-boy.

The House, fairly oozing the love of justice by this time, granted this *ex parte* application, and the other injustice (if such it be) was sent to avizandum. But Sir THOMAS clearly intends to take the matter further.

Then Mr. CHURCHILL attended in person to give justice to (1) the gallant Canadian Army and (2) those members of our own Army and Navy who find their way into prison and detention barracks and camps.

He explained that seeming injustice had been done to the Canadians who had so greatly aided the invasion of Sicily, because the invading forces

him uttering rather breathless "Hee-ar—hee-ars," apparently in destruction of his own argument.

Mr. CHURCHILL announced that Mr. Justice OLIVER, with the aid of the Bishop of READING and Lord MORAN, would inquire into the working of the Army and Navy detention systems, thrown into unpleasant prominence recently by a case before the criminal courts. All three, in their various paths, had, he pointed out, won the Military Cross in the last war, and were therefore acquainted with things military. They would make a searching inquiry, in private, and publish their report.

Excellent, remarked Mr. SHINWELL, whose humour is sardonic—not to say subtle—but had any of the three suffered incarceration? Mr. CHURCHILL pursed his lips. "That," said he gravely, "has never been considered an *indispensable* condition of public service."

Sir JAMES GRIGG announced that Home Guard commanders were being told to temper the wind to the older and less fit H.G.s and not to give them duties beyond their power. This piece of justice received general applause.

The star turn of the day then appeared, and Justice herself must have nodded approval when Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Lord President of the Council, neatly stealing—in the most legal and proper way possible—the thunder of Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY (the Minister of Pensions), gave full details of the concessions to be made to those of our Services who fall or are injured in the cause of King and Country. Pretty substantial concessions they are, meeting (as many speakers handsomely confessed) nearly every reasonable aspiration. Sir JOHN explained it all at such length that his speech seemed like an endurance test, and then the debate—something of an anticlimax from the beginning—dragged on into the night. Sir WALTER, who spoke late in the debate, seemed to find some initial difficulty in convincing himself that the House was saying it with flowers and that the missiles that whizzed about his ears were in truth bouquets and not the more usual brickbats. Once convinced, he patently enjoyed the experience, and more than once bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the House.

Lord FITZALAN asked in the House of Lords for a statement about the bombing of Rome by allied aircraft yesterday. Lord CRANBORNE, replying for the Government, maintained the Allies' right to bomb Rome if the



THE TEMPEST

Prospero (Sir John Anderson). "Whoever put the wild waters in this roar I'll now 'allay them.'"

were referred to in the first official communiques as "Allied," without specific mention of the Canadians. That was put right as soon as complaint was made, but the original omission was not due to any slothfulness or want of appreciation on the part of any British authority.

This plea in extenuation was accepted by all except Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who launched an involved argument apparently favouring the anonymity of the word "Allied" for all our Forces. Whereupon, Mr. CHURCHILL, ever the logician, mentioned that while it was right and proper to refer to the "United Kingdom" there was no need to abolish the name of Wales.

Which caught Welsh Mr. BEVAN on the oratorical solar plexus, and left



"For goodness' sake don't tell anyone else you were once chased by a lion; the O.C. Entertainments is always on the search for talent."

military situation called for it. It was of the first importance to prevent Axis reinforcements arriving for the hard-pressed south of Italy.

Sadly, the House agreed.

Wednesday, July 21st.—The Lord High Friend of Hansard (writing from memory, your scribe thinks that is the correct official title), Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL, asked Mr. EDEN to ensure that all Consuls got *Hansard*—alias *The Official Report of Debates*. Love to, said Mr. EDEN, but there is such pressure on the consular bags—meaning, of course, the bags in which documents are sent abroad. Mr. PETHERICK mildly (and carefully looking nowhere in particular) suggested that M.P.s should be provided with “English Grammars.” Whereupon Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, inspired with a new ambition, asked that a copy of the *Daily Worker* should be added to the consular bags.

Mr. EDEN regretfully shook his head. Clearly so weighty a document would impose too great a strain on the bags.

When some question about the rationing of braces (English for suspenders) arose, Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON—evidently misunderstanding the use of that omnipresent

commodity—asked that Red Tape should also be rationed. Otherwise, said he, we shall lose the war. The Prime Minister seemed concerned about this.

A typical piece of Churchillian humour crept in a moment later. Asked about the future government of Sicily, the Premier said that under the Allies’ benevolent control it would be “liberal.” Liberal Chief Whip Sir PERCY HARRIS (newly back, friendly and beaming as ever, from a Transatlantic trip) looked delighted, and Mr. CHURCHILL caught his eye.

“Liberal” is spelt with a small ‘l,’ explained the Prime Minister, with all the solemnity he could muster—quite some. This was received with what used to be known as “loud and prolonged cheers.”

Mr. WILLIAM MABANE told an expectant House that the Cabinet (or it may have been the Privy Council) was considering stopping the sale of chilled blancmange (the House shuddered at the very thought of this concoction) under the guise of illicit ice-cream.

There followed an extremely dignified debate on education in Scotland, the dignity of which was a little

jeopardized by the Secretary of State’s mention of a British queen who took a bath only under doctor’s orders. His object was to show that we had advanced since then, or something of that sort. However, as always in Scottish debates, the dignity was soon restored and a good time was had by all.

In their Lordships’ House, Press Lords SOUTHWOOD and BEAVERBROOK jostled to the great entertainment of fellow-peers. The subject was post-war planning, on which Lord SOUTHWOOD (of the *Daily Herald*) always sees blue—the blue of hope—and Lord BEAVERBROOK (of the *Daily Express*) sees—contrariwise—red. At one time it looked as if the vexed question whether peers *really* have blue blood would be settled by ocular evidence, but all ended peacefully, with honours easy.

Thursday, July 22nd.—Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, Pensions Minister, continued his task of piloting the Pensions Appeals Tribunals Bill. Several times it seemed about to go on the rocks, but Sir WALTER has not sat for Grimsby all these years without learning a thing or two about piloting. And so we got our new law.



"I see our Atlantic convoys continue to prey successfully on the U-boats."

We Let Our House.

THE soldier arrived home on his leave the day after I had taken over from our tenants. There was that now familiar heave, and his impedimenta fell around him as he sat down heavily on the bottom step of the stair. The child danced off with his helmet.

"Hardly know the old place, would you?"

"Wait till I get one pan clean and I'll take you round."

"Didn't they break the pans too, then?"

"Too difficult. But do you remember the poker that we bought at the Highland Show? You know, all hand-made and all one piece and guaranteed by a blacksmith in Galloway. They managed that."

We did the bedrooms first.

"Very artistic people."

"Artistic?"

"So many holes in the walls where they hung their pictures."

"So that was it."

We did the drawing-room.

"What beats me is the all-pervadingness of it. Even the roofs."

"Maybe the mother was a ballet-dancer."

"That's it. She must have done the roofs. That row of signatures on the wall would be the children practising. Would the lowest ones be the baby's? They're not as strenuous-looking as the others."

"Ah, but the baby had other spheres of activity. Look at the rugs."

"Well, I dare say they'll pay for the cleaning."

"They've been to the cleaners."

"Oh."

In the kitchen his detachment broke down.

"All the things I liked gone, and that awful jug your Aunt Annie gave us left."

"Leave my relations alone. And you can do the garden by yourself. I'm going to sit down and cry for a while, and then I'm going to clean the oven."

He went out. He came in.

"I got round. I even got into the stick-house. Where did they get all the straw?"

"They had a cow."

"Very patriotic. Let's be thankful it wasn't a goat. What shall we do with all the straw?"

"Make dishes, shall we?"

"Did you see by the papers the Government were going to protect tenants?"

"That's nice."

"Have you done the oven?"

"No, but I've cried, and look here, I've had an idea. Let's not be bitter. Let's be fair. It's war-time, and none of these little things matter. After all, our tenants did a lot of war work—more important than keeping our house in order."

"Well, what did they do?"

"They collected things."

"What things?"

"Bones, for instance."

"Oh, yes, I saw them. I can't see that leaving a lot of smelly bones in

our stick-house is going to help the war effort much."

"That's just an instance. And anyhow, they were very likeable people, everyone says. Just happy-go-lucky . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know happy-go-lucky. Just like your relations. Such jolly people, always driving up full of laughter two hours late for their appointments. And as for answering letters. Number of times I've written them, congratulating them on their babies, and they never . . ."

"But they have so many babies. And anyhow, this is not an opportunity for discussing my relatives. What I'm trying to do is to see the point of view of people who realize that little things like the daily dust don't matter."

"Not till they have to get the painter in."

"Yes, but people like that retain something that the household drudge loses. I mean, they have time to stand and stare."

"What at? They couldn't stare long at this kitchen without being sick."

"Tisn't only staring. They get time to take an interest in the outside world, do public work."

"Why should they do public work at my expense? Reminds me of your sister when she used to come and talk about woman's right to work with her feet on the mantelpiece while you did the dishes. Ah, well, the A.T.S.'ll settle her."

"This is not an opportunity . . . Oh, well, anyhow, would it make you feel any better if we went over the house slowly and made a note of all the damages and then you could send them a stiff letter and . . ."

"Where have they gone?"

"I'm—not very sure. But we'll easily find them. They have a house in the north of England and . . ."

"Let's rent it."

"Tempting. But I'm not leaving home again."

"What beats me is why you ever left, going home to live with your mother. Why did you do it?"

"I told you, because blood's thicker than water."

"Well, why did you come back again?"

"Same reason. We'll begin with the attics."

We went up the stair, slowly; wonderingly, past the little gashes here, the big gashes there.

"Remarkable," said the soldier. "Remarkable. The carpet. Cleaned, you say. The roof. The walls. I still don't see how it was done. Six children, you say. Not enough. Not enough."

We reached the attics.

"You know, they're really quite clean."

Suddenly the soldier got wildly excited. "Fetch a tape-measure quick." I ran. He fumbled ecstatically with the little narrow attic steps, measured across them, then up to the roof. I watched fearfully. After all, a sensitive nature like that, then the hard life of the Army, and now to see his quiet home so wrecked. I wondered if I could get past him to the telephone. . . . He straightened up happily.

"Now I've got it. I've proved it. Do you know why the attics are still in our own disorder?"

"No, why?"

"Because they couldn't get the cow up that stair."



"Dammit, the feller isn't even truthful!"

At the Play

"LOTTIE DUNDASS" (VAUDEVILLE)

SHE was poor, but she was not particularly honest. She could cheat and she could lie, and she finally proved that she would not let even murder stand in the way of her ambition to be an actress. She was a handsome, spoiled, tempestuous little typist, aged twenty, living with her mother at Brighton. *Mrs. Dundass* had six other children whom we rather wanted to see and could not. *Lottie* absorbed most of her attention, and is made to absorb ours. Dramatically, one child exists only that *Lottie* may hurt his little dog. Another, only that she may bang the heads of his two white mice together. Of a brother at sea we hear nothing but the beginning of a letter from Gibraltar—an opening sentence. *Lottie* is not interested, and therefore we hear no more and know no further. A child for one of Mr. BELLOC's Cautionary Verses, rather than a child to make a play about?

Ah, yes, but Miss ENID BAGNOLD has had the sense to contrive a good story for her masterful minx! *Lottie's* grandfather had been a fine and celebrated actor, and her father a poor and wretched one who, in a fit of spleen with vain fortune, had strangled his manageress, a Miss Johnson. Grandfather had a statue raised to his memory, and father was sent to Broadmoor. *Lottie* at the time of this trouble, eight years before the play begins, had a high fever which left her heart permanently weak. What with temperament, taint, talent, and angina pectoris, *Lottie* is rather a special case for our concern. Yet she wins it—partly because of a startlingly vivid performance by Miss ANN TODD, who makes her a likely creature—odd, passionate, overriding, and with something of theundeniability of an east wind.

There are a few cobblestones of doubt to joggle our progress with *Lottie's* story. Would a stage-struck girl at Brighton be unaware until the day of the first performance that her favourite actress was appearing at the Theatre Royal? Was Brighton ever so deficient in hoardings and newspapers? Would a stage-struck girl at Brighton or anywhere else have memorized the part of George Moore's *Evelyn Innes* rather than that of *Portia* or *Rosalind*? We have to give an affirmative to these questions to reach the play's long second half, which removes our interest from the *Dundass* living-room to the star's dressing-room. *Lottie* has been given a trial as *Evelyn Innes*

because of (a) her grandfather's *réclame*, (b) her effrontery, (c) her preparedness, (d) her voice and (e) her looks. The manager has telephoned the newspapers. *Lottie* may or may not have talent, but she has a murder and a statue in her family. The "publicity value" of her pedigree is obviously enormous. And the call-boy shouts "Half an hour, please" outside everybody's door.

And then we go over the biggest cobble and get our severest jolt. The leading lady's understudy, who had been gadding about Salisbury Plain without leave, turns up in time to peel *Lottie* out of her first-act dress. Would any manager in the whole of theatredom stand for such a baulking of well-laid and satisfactorily developing plans? Mr. BRUCE WINSTON's charmingly comical manager meekly and incredibly submits. So *Lottie*, rent with mortification, clears the room of everybody except the understudy and then does to that young lady exactly what her father did to the unfortunate Miss Johnson. She places the consequence behind the curtains. She then gets through as much as she can of *Evelyn Innes* before the crime is discovered by her friend (admirably played by Miss RENÉE ASCHERSON) and her mother (Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE being beautifully lenitive, sorrowful, and resigned).

The play, for all the incidental queries it raises, is a more than promising piece of work for a writer new to the theatre. Its dialogue is distinguished above the ordinary. Its excitement—wherever complete credibility permits—runs high. And it is given every chance of taking the town by Miss TODD's arresting central performance and by the quiet expertise and thoroughness of Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL's production. The peep behind the scenes gives us all the fussy glamour of the real thing, and the *Dundass* living-room is packed with detail wittily observed and accumulated.

A. D.

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At the Ballet

"EVERYMAN" (LYRIC)

INTERNATIONAL Ballet has presented a new production, based this time on the mediæval morality play *Everyman*. Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's costumes provide a riot of colour. The music too is a riot, in which RICHARD STRAUSS's "Till Eulenspiegel" wrestles with his "Death and Transfiguration" in an all-in match which leaves any member of the audience who is unfortunate

enough to know his Strauss breathless and dazed. ERNEST IRVING is, we understand, the promoter.

Half a pound of tuppenny rice and half a pound of treacle are very nice things in themselves. So are STRAUSS's tone poems, WILLIAM CHAPPELL's costumes, the story of *Everyman* and MONA INGLESBY's dances. But does stirring them all up make them nice? We do not think that this particular pudding is a great success, considered as a pudding.

When a story as well-known as that of *Everyman* is used as the subject of a ballet—and ballet has become omnivorous, and its digestion ostrich-like—it is extremely difficult to dissociate oneself from previous impressions of it (mine are of the beauty and dignity of a Salzburg "Jedermann"), but if this ballet is meant to reproduce the spirit of the morality play, then it is a failure. The redemption of *Everyman* in the play has nothing whatever in common with batterings on the walls of Straussian tombs; nor have the simplicity and reverence of the original anything to do with the cabaret-like atmosphere created by the costumes and dances, effective though they are. So one must try to forget all about morality plays, Salzburg, STRAUSS and—dare one say it?—even the art of ballet, and concentrate on the spectacle.

As a spectacle it is very good indeed. *Death* (HAROLD TURNER), very sinister in an earth-coloured costume with white bars resembling a skeleton's ribs, comes to summon *Everyman* (played by that genius among mimes, LESLIE FRENCH) from his revels with his boon companions—a colourful riotous throng with NINA TARAKANOVA as a *Courtesan* in a truly wonderful golden dress. *Everyman* begs to be allowed to take someone with him on his dark journey, but no one will come—not *Fellowship*, nor his *Kinsmen*, nor his *Riches*. At last he appeals to his *Good Deeds* (MONA INGLESBY, coifed in white), though "she is so weak that she can neither go nor speak." *Knowledge* comes to his aid with his book, and at last *Everyman's* sorrow and repentance for his sins enables *Good Deeds* to accompany him until *Death's* embrace.

No doubt it will be a success. Pop goes the weasel. D. C. B.

○ ○

"LAND ARMY SICK PAY CUT"

Daily Telegraph.

Well—wouldn't you be?

Books

I HOPE it is not giving away a vital secret to divulge that there is a distinct shortage of books in the Middle East. In our mess, for instance, there are only two, unless you count an Army Quarterly for 1939 and an illustrated guide to Torquay with pictures of men in very large bowler hats and ladies obviously wearing at least five years' supply of coupons.

One of the books is called *Death Gets Our Rube*, and internal evidence suggests that it emanates from America, since the conversation is like the films, only more so, and there are no cars—only automobiles—except street-cars, which the Major says are buses but I think (though naturally I would not contradict an officer of Field rank) are trams.

The Major and Captain McBlow and I all started reading *Death Gets Our Rube* at about the same time, and owing to the Major and Captain McBlow taking advantage of their seniority in the most barefaced fashion, they are naturally well ahead of me, and they have a maddening habit of discussing the book at meals. Last night, for instance:

"Rather neat, wasn't it," the Major said, "the way Yellow Nell got him out of the coffin?"

"But not original," Captain McBlow replied. "I'm pretty sure the same technique was used in a book by Freeman Wills Crofts, or it may have been Agatha Christie. One of the real detective writers, anyway."

The Major fired up.

"I consider Bloomer Q. Sack, the author of *Death Gets Our Rube*, at least the equal of Freeman Wills Crofts or Agatha Christie," he said.

"It depends what you look for in a story," said Captain McBlow rather superciliously, because he favours the dressing-gown and microscope sort of detective who lets Scotland Yard men with stupid blue eyes do all the work for him. "If it is merely large quantities of sudden deaths that tickle your fancy, Bloomer Q. Sack is certainly on top. As far as I have got there have been twenty-three corpses, not counting the headless and limbless trunk that was found in the dog-fish tank at the New York Aquarium."

"The number increases most satisfactorily in the next chapter," said the Major, rubbing his hands ghoulishly. "Two automobiles full of rival gangsters run into one another at a level-crossing, and to make assurance doubly sure a train comes from each



"What on earth d'you mean—you couldn't see my pips?"

direction just as the crash occurs and finishes off any possible survivors. Al Frute and Frisco Perce are both killed."

"Confound it!" said Captain McBlow. "I had relied on Al Frute as suspect number one for the murder of Rube himself."

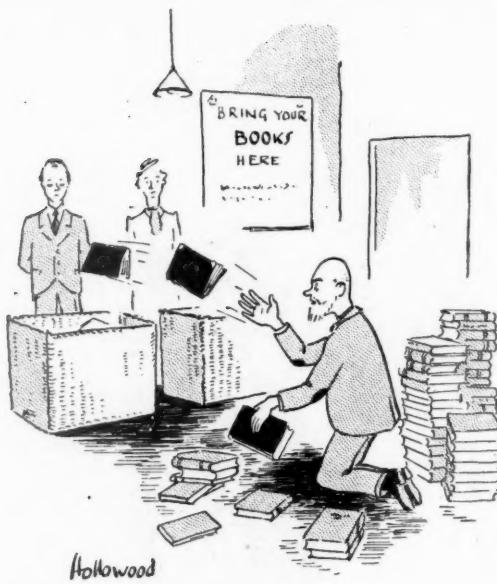
Naturally this preview talk takes half my enjoyment from reading the book, and all this wallowing in blood tends to make the Major and Captain McBlow tougher than usual, so that our Orderly Room becomes quite a fierce affair. Private Mulamgoosi got five days' C.B. when he had expected a fatherly telling-off, and Lance-Corporal Gastneoad lost his stripe for merely bursting into a fit of hysterical laughter on the parade ground.

However, things will go to the other extreme soon. The Major and Captain McBlow have nearly finished *Death Gets Our Rube*, and the second book in the Mess Library is *East Lynne*, by Mrs. Henry Wood. My fellow subaltern, Lieutenant Hock, rather a strong man who used to run an Army prison, has been sobbing quietly over it for several evenings, and when I inherit *Death Gets Our Rube* and the Major and Captain McBlow start on *East Lynne* I feel sure that a soft and sympathetic calm will reign in the Orderly Room.

Stooge's Opportunity

"COMEDIAN wanted, partner double-act; must be good, or useless."

Advt. in Liverpool Echo.



"Pulping—pulping—Forces—Bodleian—pulping—
Winskill's Circulating Library—pulping . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Sylvia Townsend Warner

MISS SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER, intentionally or not, has so arranged the stories in *A Garland of Straw* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6) as very effectually to dispel in the mind of any sanguine reader the hope that here is a volume which will prove an anodyne for the war-weary. The first story, which gives its name to the book, presents a mad woman who, rightly or wrongly, is under the impression that she is the mother of nine mad children. One of the children, she tells her visitor, was a cripple—"Such a sweet nature! I used to hope that perhaps, as she was a cripple, she might be spared the other thing. But she went mad on her tenth birthday, just like all the rest." Then there were twins, "born out of doors in a snowstorm, the easiest birth I had. They both developed insanity on the same day. Twins, you know." And so on, until the arrival of the mad woman's sister, who looks at her "with unquenchable hatred, with an insatiable raving of triumph." The next story, "Setteragic On" (No Cigarettes, reversed), evokes a desolate seaside resort in war-time. A strange wind, sounding like a bomber, is blowing in a cloudless summer sky. There are no definite horrors in this episode, but the craving of the tobacconist's wife for cigarettes creates a tension which the reader expects to end in the snapping of her mind, such as it is. "Apprentice," the third story, is a brilliantly macabre study of a German girl in Poland tormenting the starving children who pass her window with food which she dangles on a string; and the fourth story deals with the return of an octogenarian lady

to her villa, which has been wrecked by the soldiers billeted in it. After this, unlike her German girl, Miss WARNER relents, and though from time to time, as in "The Functionary," which shows a German executioner going mad in an ecstasy of sadism, Miss WARNER reminds her readers that they are not to trust her forbearance too far, her prevailing mood is, if not melting, at least gracefully and amusingly tolerant. "Persuasion" is a delightful story of a stock-broker's clerk, a fervent Trotskyist, who finds himself at cross-purposes with a light-hearted May-day procession. In "A Night with Nature" Miss WARNER turns her own past to poetry untainted by false sentiment; and in "An Unimportant Case" she becomes almost poignant.

H. K.

The Collaborators

Since the fall of France most of us have been worthily occupied with those Frenchmen who have credited our constancy and justified their own. We have failed perhaps to distinguish very clearly between the two distinct brands of Franco-German collaboration known indifferently as "Vichy." This, however, is unfair. It needed heroic virtue in 1940 to stand out for a war not yet over, a Battle of Britain still to be won, and a conviction that Hitler's "generous" proposals to France were conditioned less by generosity than by diffidence. In France, those who had worked for a German victory reaped their reward. Many of those who most regretted it believed that victory irrevocable. Hence Laval and Pétain and practically everything that went on *Behind the Battle of France* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/6). M. JACQUES LORRAINE finished the vigorous and well-informed survey of which this book is an able translation in March 1942. (A lively appendix documenting the Laval-Pétain feud and the Germanization of Alsace-Lorraine was added later.) France, he notes, increased her sufferings by trying to elude them; and the security she sought at the price of her dignity and independence is shown to turn out, as such bargains commonly do, a monument of illusion.

H. P. E.

A Spinster's Life

Three of the sisters in *Tambourine, Trumpet and Drum* (CASSELL, 10/6) were luckier than Tchekov's: they did go to Moscow, so to speak. They married and were all reasonably happy—the indignant feminist will take into account that these were late Victorian girls and knew no different. The fourth and eldest sister, however, is more interesting. *Sibylla Landless* was handsome and intense, though constantly exhorted to be "bright." At the age of thirty she had an encounter with a married man that frightened him and humbled her. Memory magnified this into a sin, and so at the age of forty *Sibylla* found the Church—and nearly lost it when the Rector married her plain, unlikely sister. For the next ten years *Sibylla* was merely bullied by her mother. Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH does not sentimentalize over her spinster, though she sees her plainly and shows her honestly all the way through. *Sibylla* at seventy is happier than ever in her life before: her emotions have long been tepid and controllable: her heart is set on her house and furniture. The rest of a book that is uncommonly absorbing is devoted to the youngest sister—and not wasted on her, since she is humorous, sensitive, and affectionate. It is not her fault (one suspects) that she is persuaded into marrying a man without informing him that her first-born will not be his. This is the fortune of young women in fiction, and otherwise the author builds consistently and well. J. S.

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Japan, A.P.

Fairness towards one's foes is so unusual a commodity that Miss HELEN MEARS' intimate, vivid and magnanimous book on Japan would be distinguished for its critical candour even were its other merits less memorable. An American journalist on a busman's holiday, Miss MEARS arrived in an American freighter—with the scrap iron for Japan's armaments and the old rag and paper for her industries—to find that even Tokyo's industrialism was skin-deep—a rootless, fruitless improvisation without materials or markets. Industrialism had, however, effectively shipwrecked the Japanese way of life; so that Japanese patriots dated their country's decay from the year A.P., the year when Commodore Perry forced "Western science, machinery, ideas, institutions and customs" on a self-subsisting, self-contained Japan. The author lived in Tokyo and travelled up-country in Hokkaido with Japanese acquaintances. Everywhere she discovered a traditional civilization of exquisite frugality wrested towards an aggressive nationalism by cliques of business monopolists and "Young Officers"—cliques who had learnt the Western arts of commerce and war and meant to excel in them. Finding herself and her circle increasingly suspect, she left before the *Year of the Wild Boar* (DAVIES, 12/6) came to its predestined climax. "We are a great modern people," said her friends, "but we have lost control of our destiny."

H. P. E.

Bernadotte

In the sphere of action, failure, if attended by dramatic circumstances or on a large enough scale, is a much surer passport to immortality than success. Leonidas makes a greater appeal to the imagination than Xerxes, Hannibal than Scipio, Harold than William the Conqueror, and Napoleon than Wellington or the subject of this biography (*Sergeant Belle-Jambe. The Life of Marshal Bernadotte, King of Sweden*). By SIMON DEWES. RICH AND COWAN, 12/6). On the mere facts Bernadotte's career is one of the most remarkable in modern history. The son of a small official in Gascony, he became a king, not, like other marshals of Napoleon, by the will of his chief, but in defiance of it; and the dynasty he founded still survives. He was born in Pau, and his hero and model was another citizen of Pau, Henri Quatre, who though of royal blood reached his throne through almost as many dangers and difficulties as Bernadotte. Joining the army against his parents' wishes, Bernadotte rose rapidly during the wars of the French Revolution. He was not only a good fighter and disciplinarian, he was also careful to protect the rights of the civilians with whom his soldiers came in contact. When he joined Bonaparte in Italy he was disgusted by Bonaparte's indifference to the brigandage of his men, and contemptuous of their ragged appearance. But he had to recognize the enthusiasm they felt for their leader, and the genius with which he led them. Bonaparte, on his side, was impressed by the solidity and tenaciousness of Bernadotte, and decided that he needed watching. The tension between them was doubtless increased when Bernadotte married Désirée Clary, who had jilted Bonaparte when he was still unknown. It was a barren triumph for Bernadotte, whom Désirée seems to have married only in the hope that he would outshine the rejected lover whose series of unexampled triumphs completely overshadowed her husband's by no means negligible achievements. Even when Bernadotte, to Napoleon's amazement, was offered the succession to the Swedish crown, Désirée seems to have been unimpressed, for she continued to live in

Paris, and after Napoleon was sent to Elba lent herself to an intrigue by which Louis XVIII tried to set up a rival candidate for the Swedish succession. Louis failed, Bernadotte became Charles XIV, king of Sweden and Norway, in 1818, and ruled the two kingdoms peacefully and with great ability till his death in 1844. Mr. DEWES deals only with the more picturesque period, up to 1818. Striking incidents soon pall, and if Mr. DEWES had paid more attention to Bernadotte's character and less to its dramatic aspect he might have made him interesting in himself and not merely for his career.

H. K.

Captured in Battle

Mr. HAROLD DENNY, of the *New York Times*, has twice been chased by German tanks—once in Flanders, when he succeeded in reaching the Channel in time, and again in Libya, about a year and a half ago, when Rommel's men caught him. In *Behind Both Lines* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6) he gives a full, personal narrative of his experience. Capture in battle, he declares, is too incredible a disaster to be realized at first. It might all have been a dream. But he soon discovered it was real enough—and not too comfortable. That first night the prisoners arrived, after a long ten-mile stumbling trot, at their prison pen west of Tobruk, where they were searched, and robbed, by Italian soldiers. Thence to Benghazi, and in an Italian light cruiser to Taranto. The Italians treated him fairly well, but for some unknown reason he found himself suddenly transferred to Germany, where he spent five weeks in solitary confinement in a Gestapo prison, being questioned at length about his anti-Nazi dispatches. This unpleasant interlude passed, and he returned to Italy for some ten weeks before ultimately being liberated as an American citizen. So he has the advantage of being the only journalist not in a prison camp who has seen Italy, and Germany, since America entered the war. He has made good use of his privileged position.

L. W.

Mariners of England

Like Rudyard Kipling, Mr. DOUGLAS BELL might have told his tale of *Seamen of Britain* (NELSON, 10/6), "just by way of convincing you how very little since things were made anything alters in anyone's trade." He begins with stories of the sea captains of whom Chaucer's "shipman" of Dartmouth was typical, and he ends with the tale of the prison-ship *Altmark* being caught by *Cossack* as she was slinking back to Germany. In between these accounts we are given stories, written in robust and vivid style, of the adventures of the North-West Passage, including the sports meeting arranged between Davis's men and the Eskimos, who always went on running past the winning-post, and of Hawkins, Drake and Essex. We are told how pepper and spice and gold affected shipping, and are given a really good picture of Captain John Smith. Admiral Blake, who is seldom given all the admiration he deserves, has a whole chapter to himself. There is not space here to enumerate half the names mentioned, but the lament of one of Collingwood's men after the death of Lord Nelson must be quoted—"Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed. So we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. God bless you, chaps that fought like devils sit down and cry like a wench." And so must the author's own description of clipper ships—"Perhaps the two most beautiful things man has ever made are the high-sterned four-wheeled farm wagon and the long lean clipper-ship with her three raking masts and her five or six tiers of tall sails towering up into the sky."

B. E. B.

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. My little girls, recently returned to me after nearly four years in Shropshire, collect bus tickets and make them into a kind of expanding concertina. When I suggested they should give several hundred towards our local salvage drive, they said would they heck. I pointed out that neither Nelson nor Robert Bruce would have kept back bus-tickets in their country's hour of need, but my older daughter simply replied that that cut no ice with her. As treasurer of the Penge Freud in the Home group, I am of course fairly well versed in the psychological handling of the young, and I have been wondering whether being in Shropshire has given them a fixation of any kind. What do you think? Also our lounge carpet is so threadbare that I cannot cope with the loads of soil the children bring in from the garden on their feet. Our street savings group collector catches her foot in the threads and falls full length every Saturday night when she comes to collect my sixpence, yet I do not like to get a new one as I feel we ought to be proud to put up with little inconveniences in war-time.

PUZZLED PARENT.

A. True, but your savings group collector can scarcely be expected to feel the same pride in her weekly mishaps, so I should level the soil with a roller and put in grass seeds, then

you will have something so completely "different" in floor-coverings that I can imagine half the inhabitants of Penge following suit and turfing their lounges. A happy idea for dining-room floorings would be very thick pampas grass, as this could be tucked in round the knees of the diners, thus saving fuel by obviating the need for a second fire. For the concertina trouble, I can only say that I myself have been repeatedly into Shropshire but I have never noticed that the experience gave me a fixation of any kind. No, maybe your daughters are simply taking the long view—the view that we are, after all, fighting this war to make the world safe for cardboard concertinas, etc.

* * * * *

Q. I am an F.A.P. worker that has been standing by since early 1940. Can you suggest inexpensive ways of passing the time at one's post? I have just finished learning Chinese.

FRED TWIGG (Mr.)

A. The following are a few good time-frittering activities, designed to bring out just that ingenuity, patience and power of concentration which should keep you fighting fit were you to continue standing by until well on into the nineteen-fifties: (1) Running as fast as you can to the other end of the room and back. (2) Tossing into the air half a dozen pins, then hunting

for them, blindfold. (3) Counting the taste-buds on your tongue, omitting every fourth. (4) Stringing together wire paper-clips to make a chain hundreds of yards long, then unstringing them. (5) Taking off the vest and shirt without first removing either coat or waistcoat. (6) Detaching a shred of fly-paper from the sole of the shoe without using the hands in doing so. And so on. By this time you will have got the idea, Mr. Twigg, and should be able to think up anything further for yourself.

* * * * *

Q. When I was a child we used to have a kind of tawny-orange climber which rambled over the roof and an object known as a pergola. I would love to have some in my own garden if it is possible to get them these days. Does my description suggest to you any particular species? Also, how does one begin with them?

POLICE MATRON.

A. The species you are trying to recall is clearly the *Felis domestica*, or common cat, which may be had in various shades besides the one mentioned. You begin with them as kittens, but I do not think, in your own interests, that you should commence putting them on roofs and pergolas at least until their eyes are open. It does not do for one in your position to invite attention from the R.S.P.C.A. Later you will find that they ramble with very little encouragement.

* * * * *

Q. Should dentists tell? A patient of mine, whilst under gas for the extraction of the upper left pre-molar, made a statement of a nature which, if it were true, would seem to point to a boldly-conceived plot for sabotaging our entire war-time output in soldiers' housewives (hussifs). Both my partner and my receptionist think I ought to consult the Citizens' Advice Bureau, but I do not like to do this as the patient in question is sometimes one of the advisers and such a course might serve only to put him on his guard.

CLARENCE E. FILLINGHAM, L.D.S.

A. I'm afraid you people are living in a fools' paradise. Only last Christmas Eve a lady harpist and glee singer of our acquaintance, after a second double whisky which she was handed in mistake for home-brewed



"This is a Number Thirteen, isn't it?"



A Rose for Minden

A ROSE! a Rose for Minden Day!
Put up your roses on Minden Day!

* * * *

"You got a rose, Jim, same as me . . .
Wearin' 'n all down the line, they be:
Folks in Lyndhurst 'd call us scats
Fightin' wiv roses in our 'ats . . .!"

* * * *

It's Minden Day! it's Minden Day!
We put up our roses on Minden Day!
Lads from Suffolk, Hampshire, Wales,
Lancashire, Lowlands and Yorkshire
dales

To remind the world that we
fight the way
Our fathers taught us on Minden
Day!



ginger-beer, began calling out in an authoritative tone, "No more spades!" but we did not necessarily assume her to be the leader of a dangerous underground movement for destroying agricultural implements. Indeed it turned out later that she was under the impression she was still taking part in the game of rummy she had played in our house the previous Yuletide. No, it seems to me that rather more conclusive proofs are required, otherwise you may find yourselves shinning up the wrong tree. Get your man under gas again under some pretext, take out one or two wisdom teeth and see if he makes any further disclosures.

* * * * *

Q. Following a recent storm, we found in the attic an old carrier-pigeon sitting on a bust of Lord Beaconsfield. It is definitely not ours as we have never had a carrier-pigeon, and I have been worried since a neighbour suggested it might be on important Government service, for we cannot induce it to go away. We suspect it flew in through a cylindrical ventilating shaft known as a Tobin's tube, but any attempt on my brother's part to search for a concealed message results merely in his climbing on to a highly-placed photograph of the Acropolis and pecking at the frame. Then he spits out the bits of wood. Ought we to tell the Royal Observer Corps?

VICTORIA PEAR (Miss).

A. I am not clear as to whether it is the pigeon or your brother who uses the picture of the Acropolis in the way described. If the former, your obvious

course would be to bring an action for *tort* against the party, or parties, responsible for its introduction into your apartments, as the bird is wrongfully converting to its own use the property of others. If you can prove a trespass, you may also like to claim what is known to habitual litigants as Distress Damage Feasant, in which case the livestock is retained by you until compensation be made, though it cannot be milked or made to work. On the other hand, I am not sure that to a jury an open Tobin's tube would not constitute an invitation to enter. In accordance with this finding, your brother and you become the gratuitous custodians of the bird and may yourselves be sued for negligence if the provision made for its entertainment be inadequate.

* * * * *

Q. I would like to make a present to my son's N.C.O. to see if this would soften his attitude towards Herbert, but cannot think of anything. Herbert is in the Royal Engineers. The work of his platoon, so far as I can make out, consists in crawling vast distances on hands and knees, laden with metal oddments. What do you suggest?

(Mrs.) JESSIE ST. E. KNOCK-LUSH.

A. A pair of thatcher's knee-caps.

* * * * *

Q. Does it not seem to you a rather lovely tribute to the mothers of Britain (the *Mother country*) that so many of the metaphorical terms we use nowadays in warfare are derived from homely activities in the scullery or kitchen—e.g., mopping up, making an

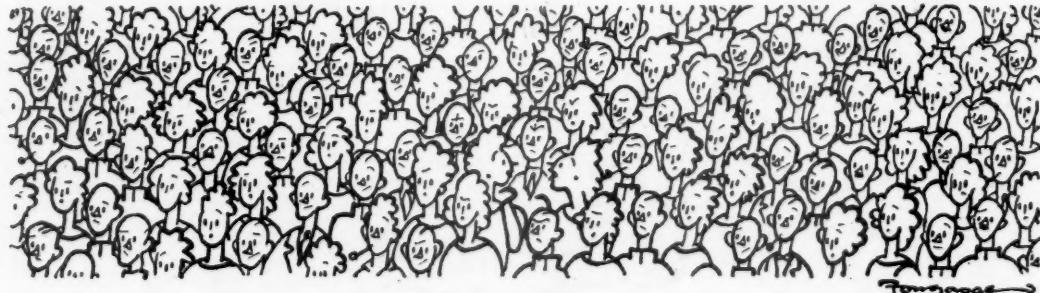
offensive sweep, being browned off, making a pancake landing, etc.? Do you not think too that we ought to have occasional days of commemoration after the war to keep green in our minds a few of the domestic privations with which we are now familiar? Something after the style of Guy Fawkes or the Grasmere rush-bearing perhaps.

(Mrs.) VESTA NIX.

A. I certainly think we might have annual black-out revels. The idea would be to introduce war-time night conditions but in a lighter vein. Black-out regulations would be resumed temporarily, the old time-honoured curtains, or otherwise, brought out of their drawers and put up again, and a substantial prize offered to the householder who managed to keep a light showing for three nights in succession undetected by citizens dressed in fancy costume as A.R.P. wardens who would patrol the streets after dark. Further prizes would be awarded to "wardens" with the greatest number of detected lights to their credit, and to persons who succeeded in making their way from one end of a town to another without coming into contact with either sand-bag or bucket, for, as in war-time, bags and buckets would be strewn about pavements and vestibules, only painted with non-drying white enamel for the occasion so that each contact would be registered upon the trouser-legs of the participants. The revels might end with a free moonlight supper of imitation spam and national bread in doorways, cellars, or upon the site of what was once a roof-spotters' snugger.

AT THE PROM

"... and if you're here to-morrow, Doris, meet me as usual by the tall man with the bald head and the blazer—and if he's not here, at the long thin young man with the big ears and glasses."



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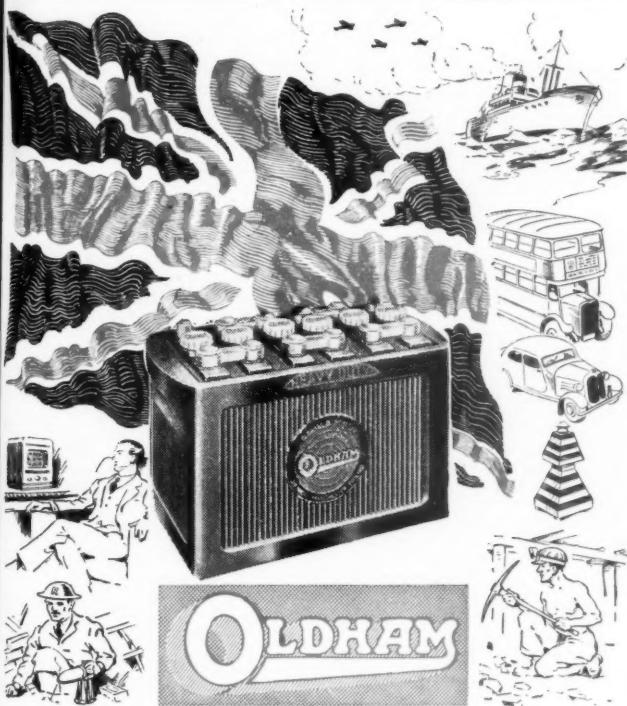
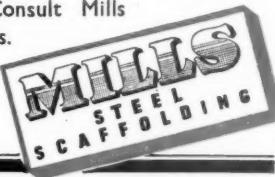
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